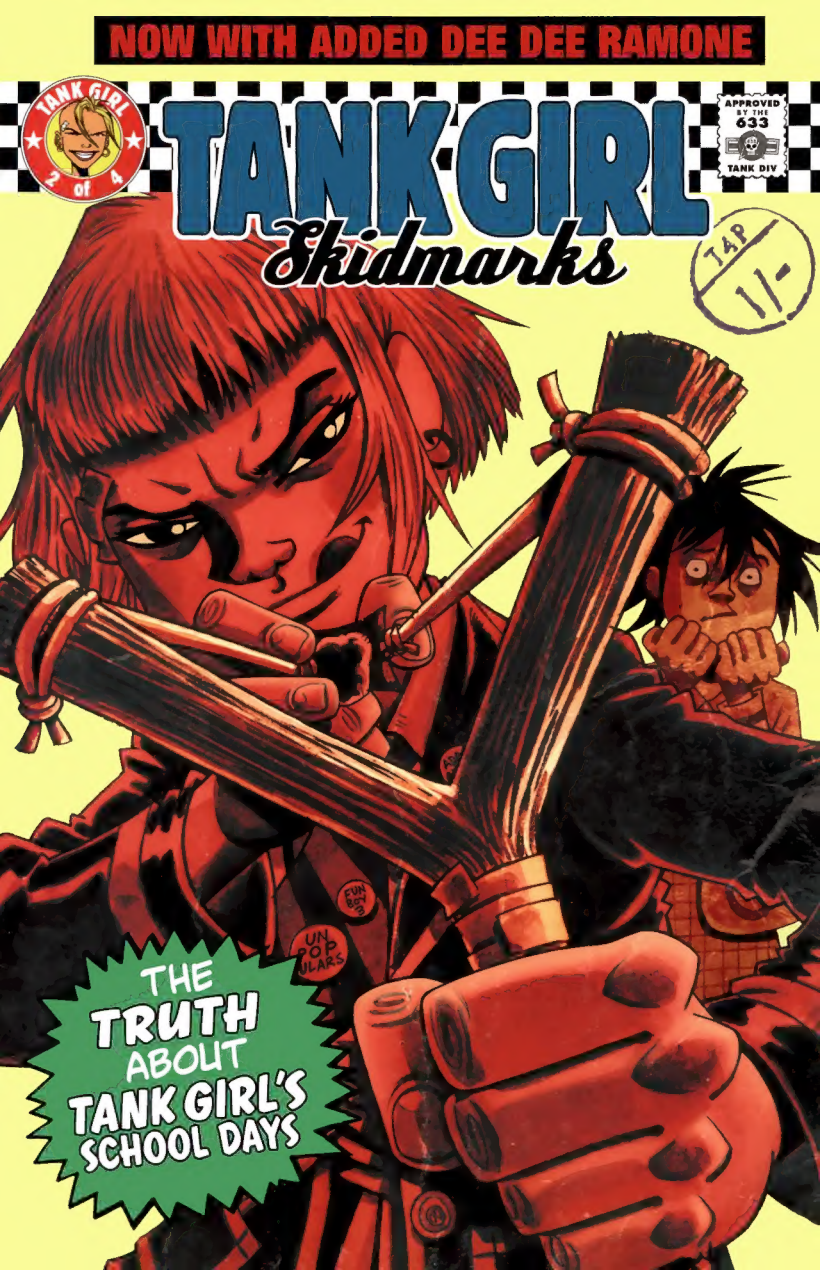
NOW WITH ADDED DEE DEE RAMONE



Team Tank Girl

Script
ALAN *Pitstop* MARTIN

Art
RUFUS *Roughcut* DAYGLO

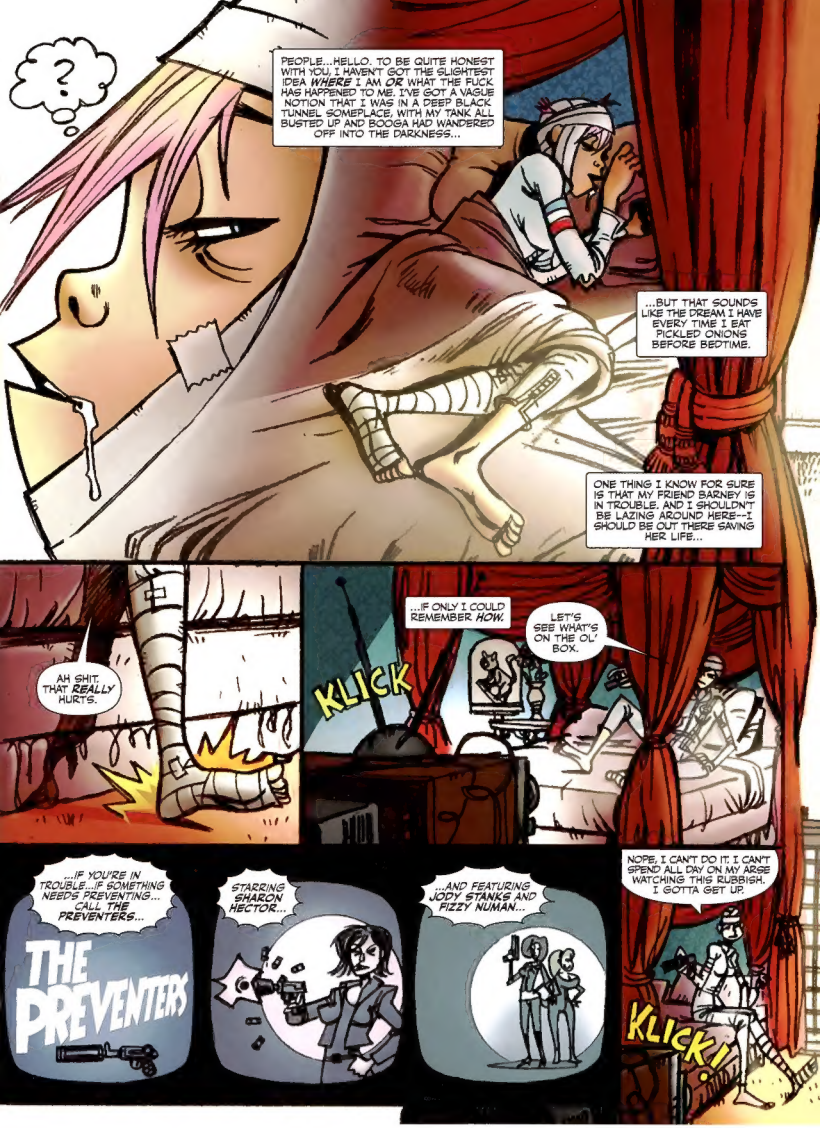
Colors
CHRISTIAN *Killer* KRANK

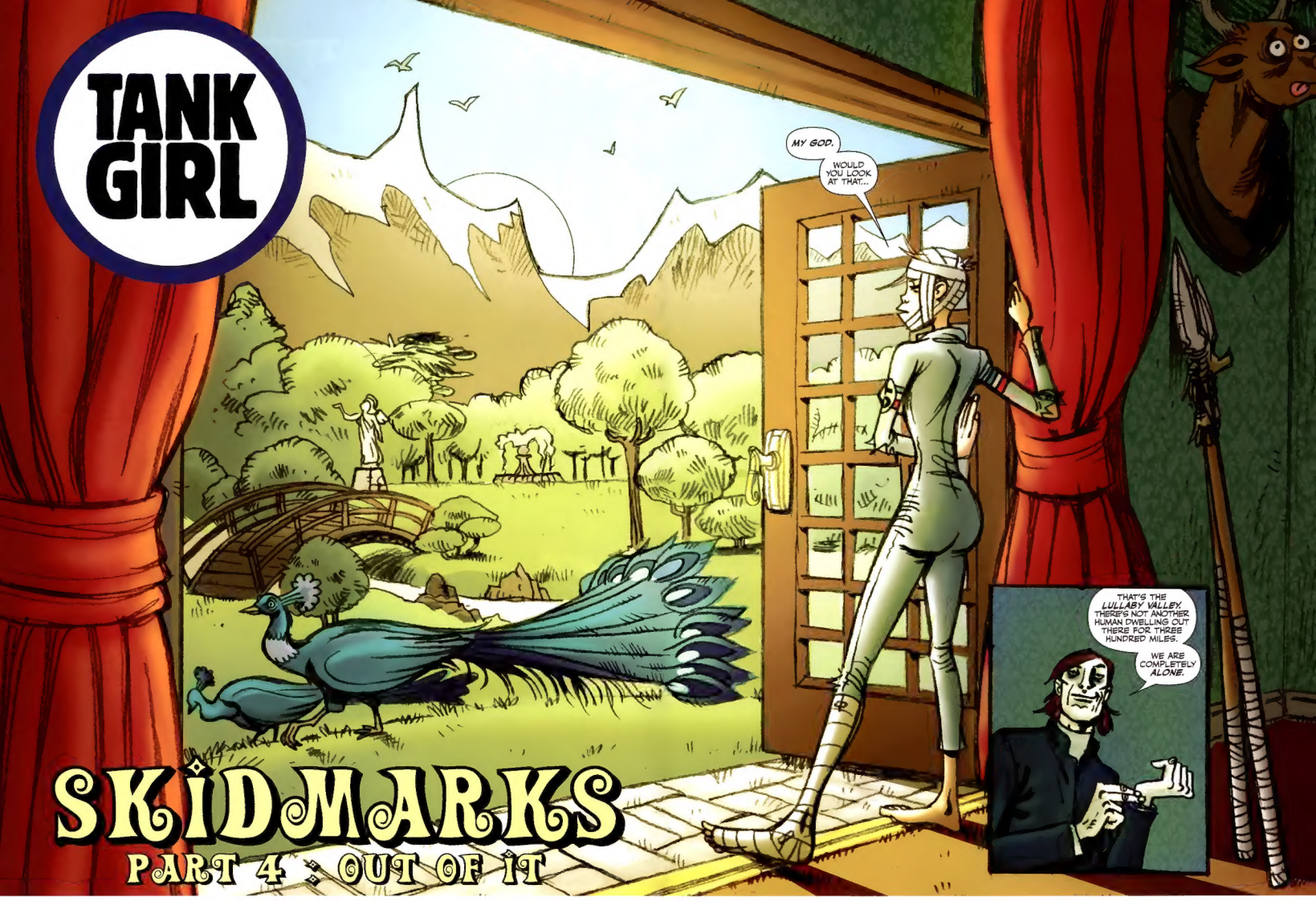
Lettering
SIMON *Buzzbomb* BOWLAND

Cover Layout by Finlay Airey

Editor
DAVID *The Peach* LEACH

TANK GIRL: SKIDMARKS #2 · December 2009. Published by Titan Books, a division of Titan Publishing Group Ltd. 144 Southwark St, London, SE1 0UP. Tank Girl is trademark ™ and copyright © 2009 Jamie Hewlett and Alan Martin, all rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of the publisher Titan Books. Visit the official Tank Girl website at: www.tank-girl.com and Titan Books at www.titanbooks.com. Printed in the USA.


?
PEOPLE...HELLO. TO BE QUITE HONEST WITH YOU, I HAVEN'T GOT THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE I AM OR WHAT THE FUCK HAS HAPPENED TO ME. I'VE GOT A VAGUE NOTION THAT I WAS IN A DEEP BLACK TUNNEL SOMEPLACE, WITH MY TANK ALL BUSTED UP AND BOOGA HAD WANDERED OFF INTO THE DARKNESS...
...BUT THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE DREAM I HAVE EVERY TIME I EAT PICKLED ONIONS BEFORE BEDTIME.
ONE THING I KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT MY FRIEND BARNEY IS IN TROUBLE. AND I SHOULDN'T BE LAZING AROUND HERE—I SHOULD BE OUT THERE SAVING HER LIFE...
AH SHIT. THAT REALLY HURTS.
KLICK
...IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER HOW.
LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE OL' BOX.
...IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE...IF SOMETHING NEEDS PREVENTING... CALL THE PREVENTERS...
THE PREVENTERS
STARRING SHARON HECTOR...
...AND FEATURING JOPY STANKS AND FIZZY NUMAN...
NOPE, I CAN'T DO IT. I CAN'T SPEND ALL DAY ON MY ARSE WATCHING THIS RUBBISH. I GOTTA GET UP.
KLICK!

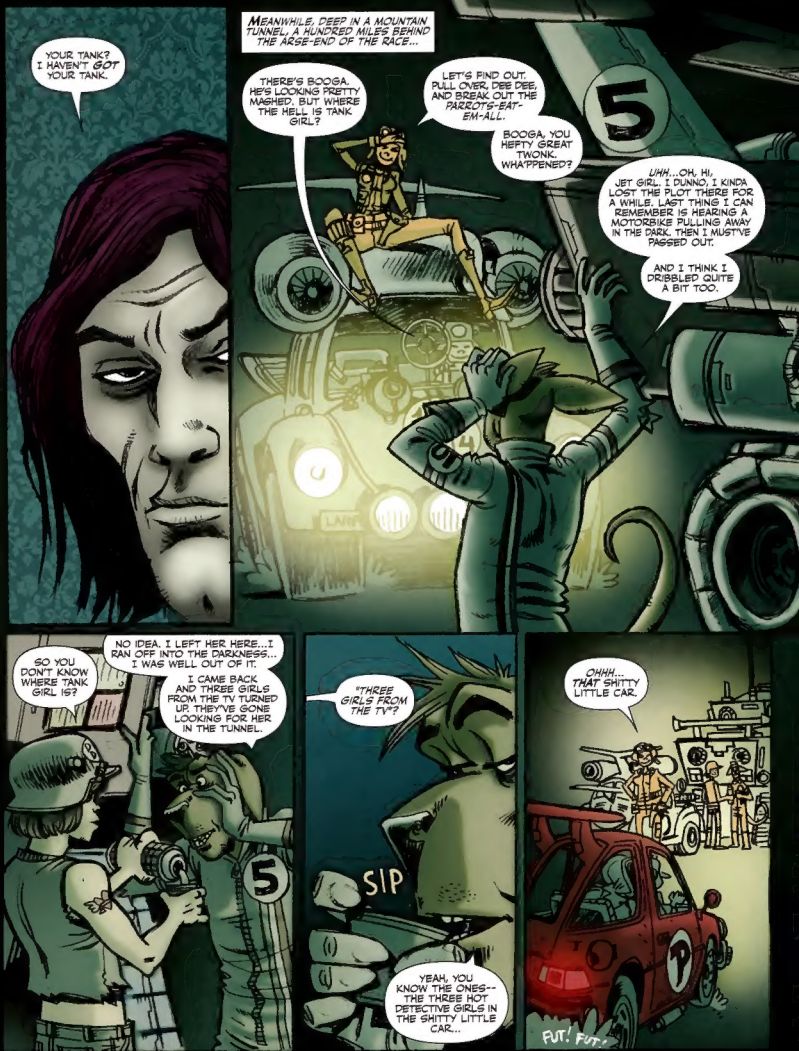

TANK GIRL
MY GOD.
WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT...
THAT'S THE LULLABY VALLEY. THERE'S NOT ANOTHER HUMAN DWELLING OUT THERE FOR THREE HUNDRED MILES.
WE ARE COMPLETELY ALONE.
SKIDMARKS
PART 4 : OUT OF IT

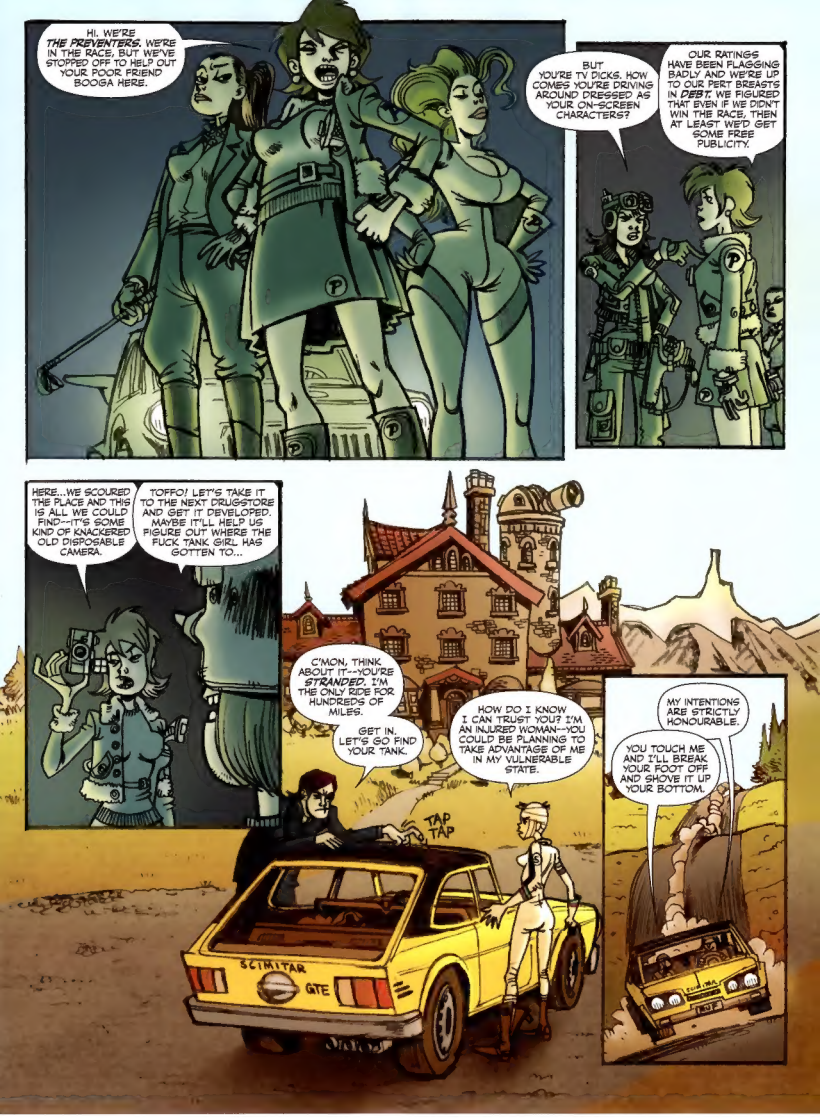
EXCEPT, OF COURSE, FOR THE EIGHTY-SEVEN SERVANTS THAT WORK HERE, NINE OF WHOM HAVE FRESHLY PREPARED THIS MAGNIFICENT BREAKFAST FOR YOU.

NICE. WHO THE FUCK ARE *YOU*?
I'M *DREENO SWAIN*. I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOUR GAME.

AND WHAT GAME WOULD THAT BE?
SORRY, I ONLY SAID *"GAME"* BECAUSE IT RHYMED, WHICH IS PRETTY LAME. I MEANT TO SAY *RACE*. I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOUR RACE--*THE WATERMELON RUN*.
NIBBLE NIBBLE

TITS! YES, *THAT'S* WHERE I'M MEANT TO BE--BARNEY, IN A COMA. EXPENSIVE SURGEONS, THE RACE, THE PRIZE MONEY...ALL THAT!
BRING ME MY DRIVING GLOVES AND MY TANK! I'M OUTTA HERE!
5


YOUR TANK? I HAVEN'T GOT YOUR TANK.
MEANWHILE, DEEP IN A MOUNTAIN TUNNEL, A HUNDRED MILES BEHIND THE ARSE-END OF THE RACE...
THERE'S BOOGA. HE'S LOOKING PRETTY MASHED. BUT WHERE THE HELL IS TANK GIRL?
LET'S FIND OUT. PULL OVER, DEE DEE, AND BREAK OUT THE PARROTS-EAT-EM-ALL.
BOOGA, YOU HEFTY GREAT TWONK. WHA'PPENED?
UHH...OH, HI, JET GIRL. I DUNNO, I KINDA LOST THE PLOT THERE FOR A WHILE. LAST THING I CAN REMEMBER IS HEARING A MOTORBIKE PULLING AWAY IN THE DARK. THEN I MUST'VE PASSED OUT.
AND I THINK I DRIBBLED QUITE A BIT TOO.
SO YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE TANK GIRL IS?
NO IDEA. I LEFT HER HERE...I RAN OFF INTO THE DARKNESS... I WAS WELL OUT OF IT.
I CAME BACK AND THREE GIRLS FROM THE TV TURNED UP. THEY'VE GONE LOOKING FOR HER IN THE TUNNEL.
"THREE GIRLS FROM THE TV"?
SIP
YEAH, YOU KNOW THE ONES-- THE THREE HOT DETECTIVE GIRLS IN THE SHITTY LITTLE CAR...
OHHH... THAT SHITTY LITTLE CAR.
FUT! FUT!


HI. WE'RE *THE PREVENTERS*. WE'RE IN THE RACE, BUT WE'VE STOPPED OFF TO HELP OUT YOUR POOR FRIEND BOOGA HERE.
BUT YOU'RE TV DICKS. HOW COMES YOU'RE DRIVING AROUND DRESSED AS YOUR ON-SCREEN CHARACTERS?
OUR RATINGS HAVE BEEN FLAGGING BADLY AND WE'RE UP TO OUR PERT BREASTS IN *DEBT*. WE FIGURED THAT EVEN IF WE DIDN'T WIN THE RACE, THEN AT LEAST WE'D GET SOME FREE PUBLICITY.
HERE...WE SCOURED THE PLACE AND THIS IS ALL WE COULD FIND--IT'S SOME KIND OF KNACKERED OLD DISPOSABLE CAMERA.
TOFFO! LET'S TAKE IT TO THE NEXT DRUGSTORE AND GET IT DEVELOPED. MAYBE IT'LL HELP US FIGURE OUT WHERE THE FUCK TANK GIRL HAS GOTTEN TO...
C'MON, THINK ABOUT IT--YOU'RE *STRANDED*. I'M THE ONLY RIDE FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES.
GET IN. LET'S GO FIND YOUR TANK.
HOW DO I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU? I'M AN INJURED WOMAN--YOU COULD BE PLANNING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME IN MY VULNERABLE STATE.
MY INTENTIONS ARE STRICTLY HONOURABLE.
YOU TOUCH ME AND I'LL BREAK YOUR FOOT OFF AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR BOTTOM.
TAP TAP
SCIMITAR
GTE

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE NEXT DRUGSTORE...
HERE'RE THE PHOTOS. THERE'S NOT A LOT TO GO ON, MOST OF THEM ARE JUST BLACK...
PHOTOS
THE OBLIGATORY ARSE SHOT.
NICE.
GILLESPIE PHOTOS
WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT THING?
I BEG YOU PARDON? MY NAME RENFILL BOLIQUE. IF IT WASN'T FOR ME AND MY CRACK TEAM OF MECHANICAL ELVES, THIS TANK WOULD STILL BE OUT OF ACTION.
OH, I'M SORRY. THANKS VERY MUCH, MATEY-PANTS.
WHY DON'T YOU STICK AROUND? WE SURE COULD USE A SELF-MOTIVATED, TECHNICALLY MINDED ELF.
DEE DEE
OH MY GOD. LOOK AT THAT... THAT CREATURE MUST'VE TAKEN TANK GIRL.

SHEESH, WHAT A FREAK. HE LOOKS LIKE HE MEANS BUSINESS.
HE SEEMS KINDA FAMILIAR...
WE'RE IN THIS TO SAVE BARNEY'S LIFE, BUT NOW TANK GIRL HAS GONE, AND SHE MIGHT BE IN DEEP, DEEP POO-POO.
I CAN'T WIN THIS RACE BY MYSELF. I HAVEN'T GOT THE BRAIN POWER.
SORRY, CHAPS, I MUST GO AND FIND HER.
SEEMS THAT POOR OLD BARNEY HAS TAKEN A BACK SEAT TO EVERYONE ELSE'S TROUBLES. LOOKS LIKE IT'S DOWN TO YOU AND ME, DEE DEE RAMONE.
GET YOUR HELMET ON, PUT YOUR PEDAL DOWN AND PREPARE TO DO BATTLE WITH SOME SERIOUSLY HEAVY METAL.
THAT'S P'DAMN SURE, JET GIRL. I'M AS FOCUSED AS A BRITISH SNIPER'S CROSSHAIRS ON HITLER'S BALLBAG.
LET'S WIN THIS CRAPPY WATERMELON CUP AND WASH BARNEY'S BEAUTIFUL BACKSIDE IN IT WHEN WE WAKE HER UP!
AMEN TO THAT!
FUT FUT
ERRRT-WEEEU
RIGHT, YOU FUCKER...

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

DEAR SANTA, YOU BASTARD.

HOW COMES TANK GIRL GOT A TOMMY ATOMSMASHER SPACE PILOT POPGUN AND ALL I GOT WAS A POXY BOW AND ARROW (WHICH I HAVE BUST ALREADY)?

BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT THE SECURITY OF YOUR REINDEER HAS BEEN SEVERELY COMPROMISED.

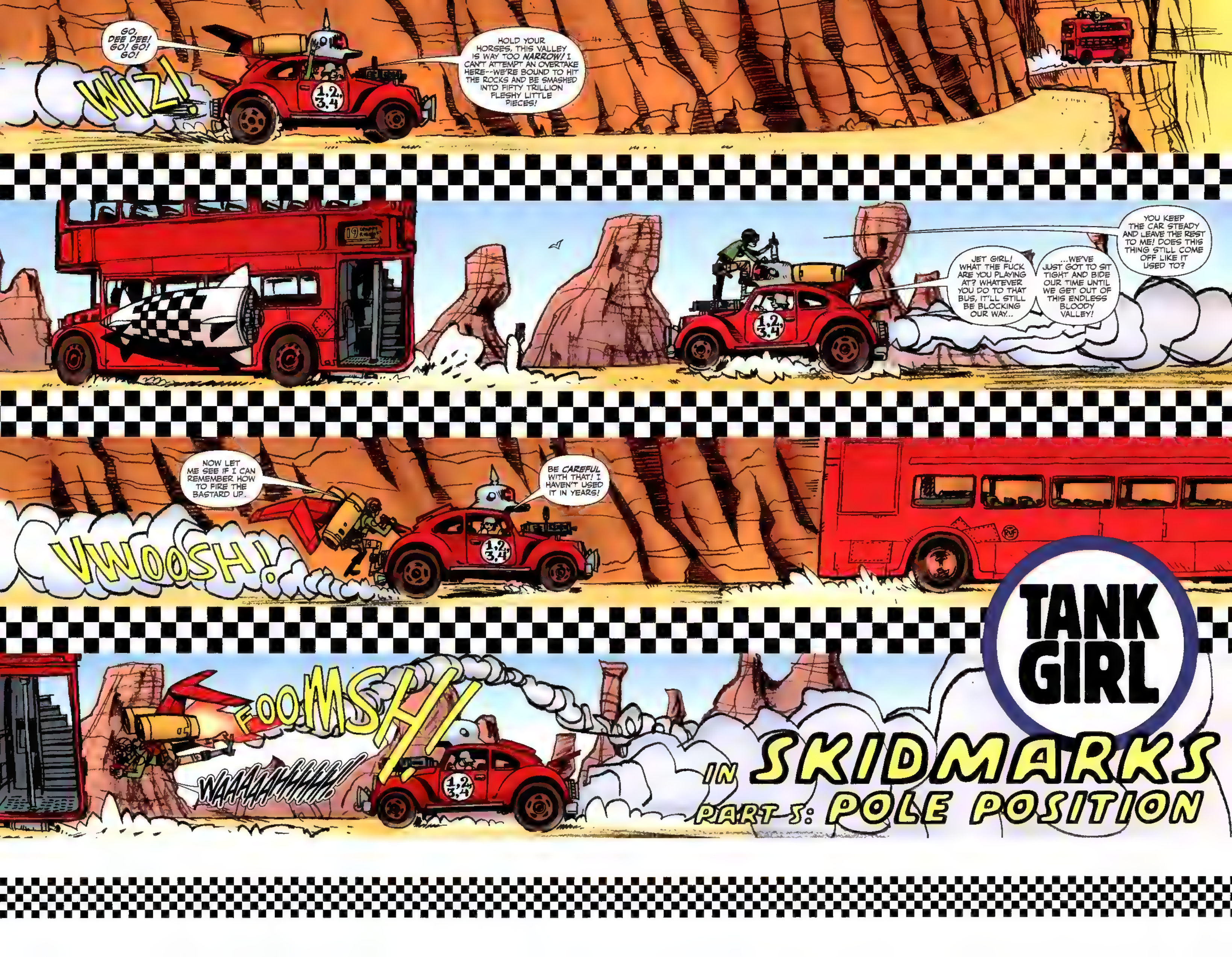
P.S. I HAVE BEEN A GOOD BOY SO FAR THIS YEAR...

BOOGA XX

TANK GIRL

www.tank-girl.com

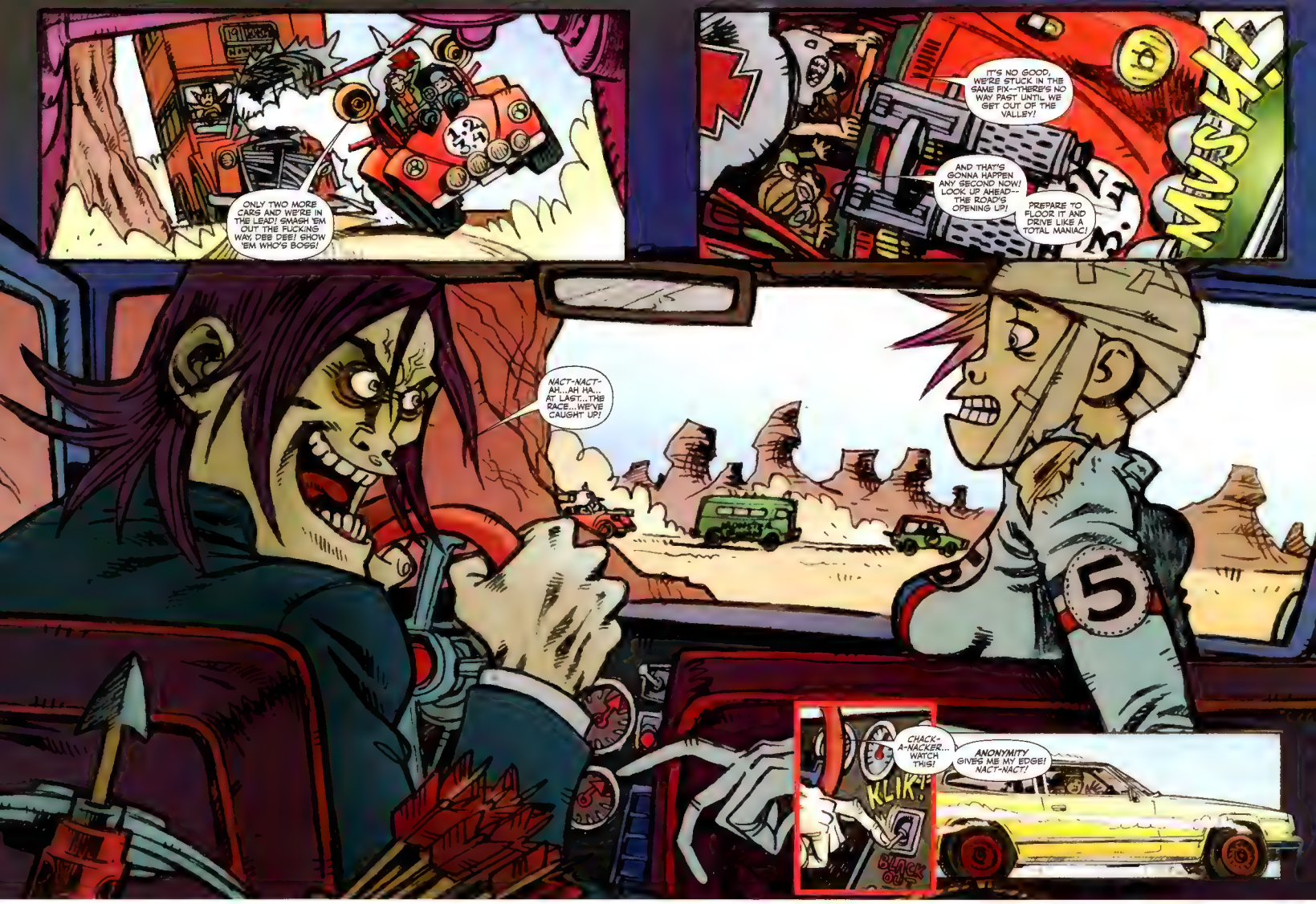
MY DEAREST BEAUTIFUL FRIEND BARNEY.
LOST IN THE DEEPEST, DARKEST RECESSES OF HER MURKY, MUDDY BRAIN.
WHAT DREAMS MAY COME? WHAT HORRENDOUS BROWN GASSES MAY PASS UNNOTICED FROM BETWEEN HER FIRM YOUNG BUTTOCK CHEEKS AS SHE SLEEPS?
GUCT
JUST A FEW LITTLE PROBLEMS TO OVERCOME AND WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE BARNEY.
GET IN THERE, DEE DEE! GO ON, MY SON!
OKAY, LET'S MAKE OUR MOVE!
CRASH!
MAKING YOUR WAY THROUGH THE WORLD CAN SOMETIMES BE LIKE FINDING YOUR WAY OUT OF A COMA: THE DARKNESS, THE MYSTERIOUS TRAILS, THE BLEAK UNKNOWN, THE KANGAROOS DRIVING TANKS.
VOOM
ONE THING I KNOW--IF I DON'T MAKE IT TO THE END OF THIS ROAD, THEN BARNEY WILL BE TRAPPED IN THAT MUSHED-UP HEAD OF HERS FOREVER.
WHAT THE FUCK'S WRONG WITH YOU, MAN? LET ME OUT BEFORE I TAN YOUR CREAMY VINTAGE UPHOLSTERY!
NACT-NACT-NACKER! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME! WE HAVE A SPECIAL JOB TO DO! CHUN-CHUN-CHUN!


GO, DEE DEE! GO! GO! GO!
WIZ!
HOLD YOUR HORSES, THIS VALLEY IS WAY TOO NARROW! I CAN'T ATTEMPT AN OVERTAKE HERE--WE'RE BOUND TO HIT THE ROCKS AND BE SMASHED INTO FIFTY TRILLION FLESHY LITTLE PIECES!
1,2,3,4
YOU KEEP THE CAR STEADY AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME! DOES THIS THING STILL COME OFF LIKE IT USED TO?
JET GIRL! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU PLAYING AT? WHATEVER YOU DO TO THAT BUS, IT'LL STILL BE BLOCKING OUR WAY...
...WE'VE JUST GOT TO SIT TIGHT AND BIDE OUR TIME UNTIL WE GET OUT OF THIS ENDLESS BLOODY VALLEY!
NOW LET ME SEE IF I CAN REMEMBER HOW TO FIRE THE BASTARD UP.
BE CAREFUL WITH THAT! I HAVEN'T USED IT IN YEARS!
VWOOSH!
FOOMSH!
WAAAAAHHHHH!
TANK GIRL
IN SKIDMARKS
PART 5: POLE POSITION

VOOSH!
SHIT, I'VE OVERSHOT THE BUS! BETTER SLAM THE BRAKES ON AND TURN AROUND!
MONSTER FUNN
ERRRT!
NIFTY!
HEY, LOOK AT THAT--JUST WHAT I NEED!
MONSTER FUNN
PERFECTAMUNDO!
SWOOP!
RIP!
MONSTER FUNN
HEY! SOME FLYING CUNT IS STEALING OUR ADVERTISING!
MOVE OUT OF THE FUCKING WAY, PEOPLE! I'M COMING THROUGH!
LOOK OUT, EVERYONE--NUTTER!

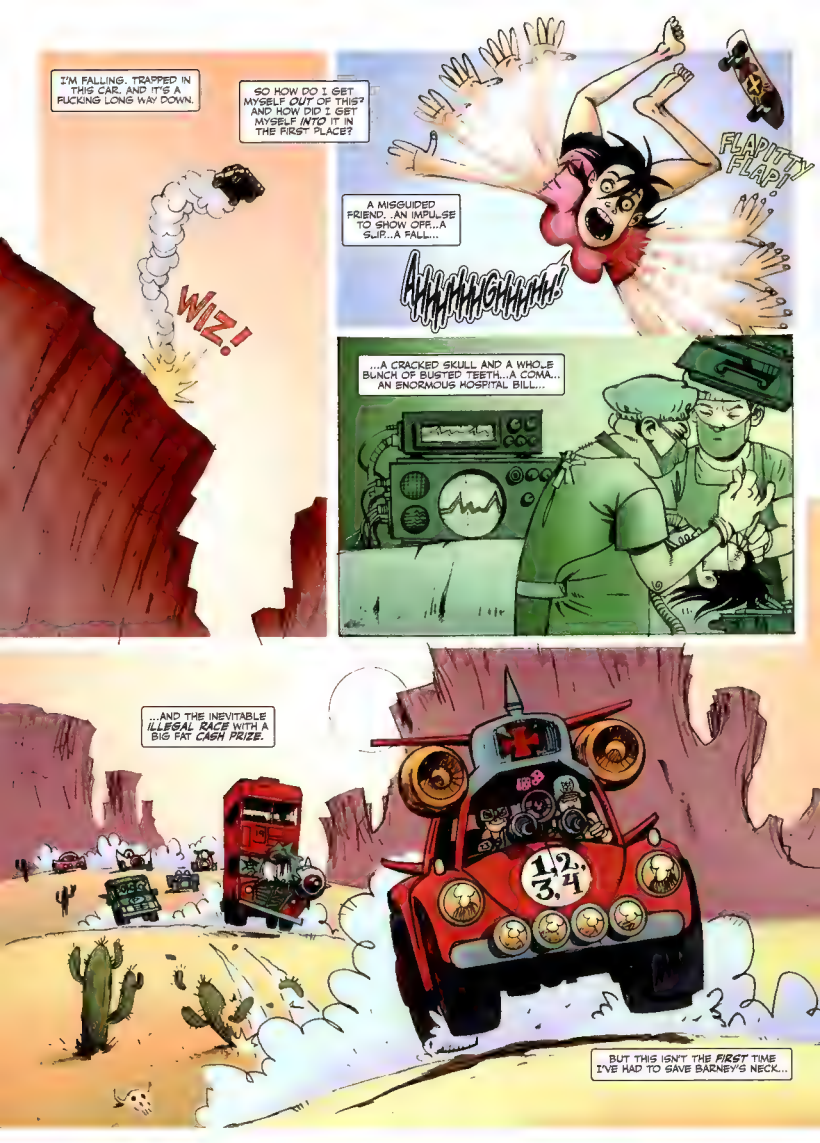
CONTINUED AFTER FAB PULL-OUT POSTER

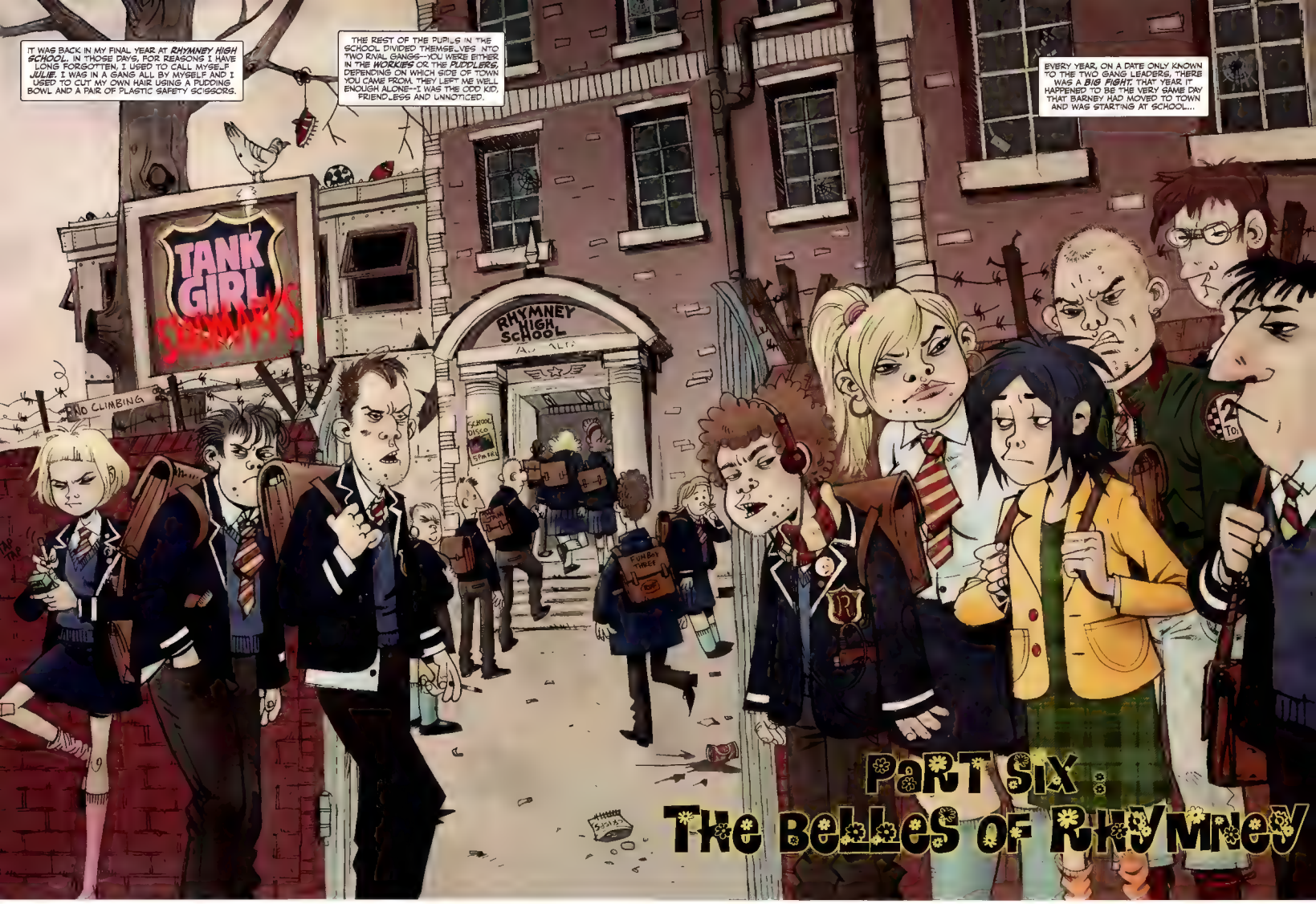
TANK GIRL

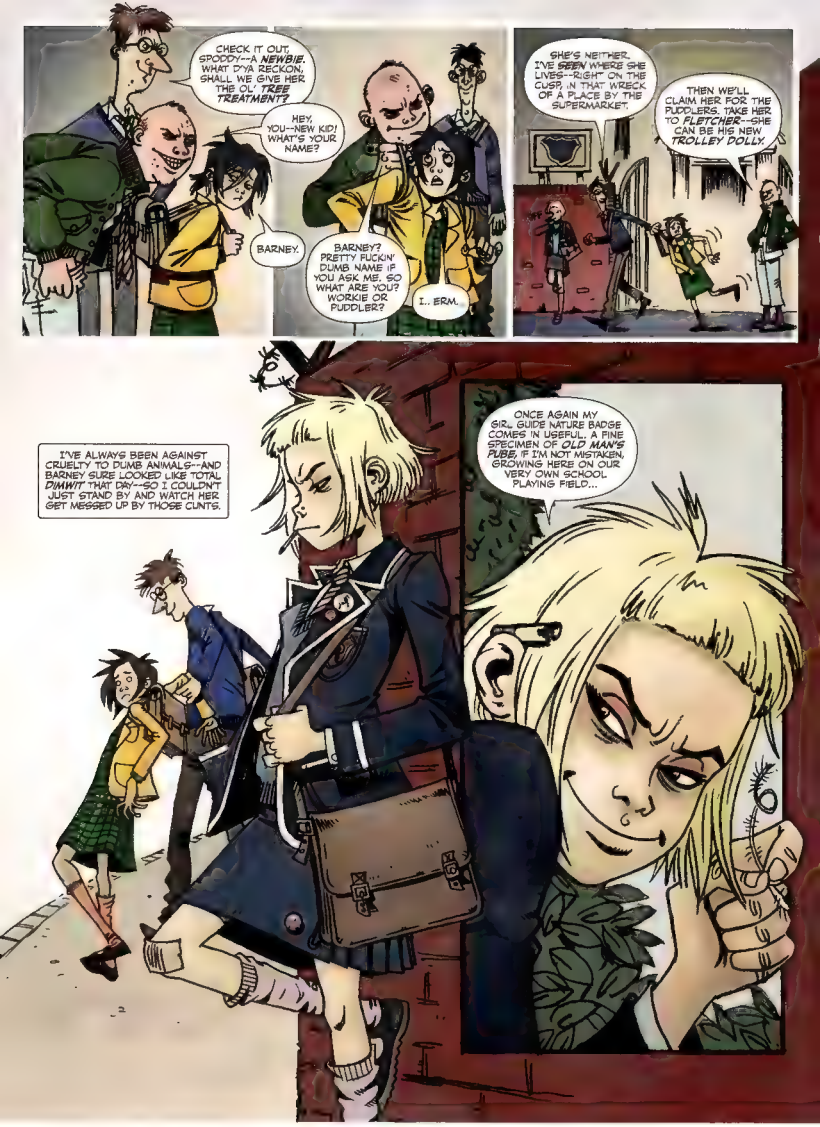

ONLY TWO MORE CARS AND WE'RE IN THE LEAD! SMASH 'EM OUT THE FUCKING WAY, DEB DEE! SHOW 'EM WHO'S BOSS!
IT'S NO GOOD, WE'RE STUCK IN THE SAME FIX--THERE'S NO WAY PAST UNTIL WE GET OUT OF THE VALLEY!
AND THAT'S GONNA HAPPEN ANY SECOND NOW! LOOK UP AHEAD--THE ROAD'S OPENING UP!
PREPARE TO FLOOR IT AND DRIVE LIKE A TOTAL MANIAC!
MUSH!
NACT-NACT-AH...AH HA... AT LAST...THE RACE...WE'VE CAUGHT UP!
CHACK-A-NACKER... WATCH THIS!
KLIK!
BLACK OUT
ANONYMITY GIVES ME MY EDGE! NACT-NACT!

NACTACK... MUST TAKE POLE POSITION...
RUMMAGE RUMMAGE
IN A RACE, POLE POSITION IS EVERYTHING!
THEN ALLOW ME TO POSITION THIS POLE AROUND THE SIDE OF YOUR FAT HEAD!
KER-TWAT!
NACT!
FUCK! ROCK! GOTTA TAKE CONTROL AND..
SKRUSH! SKRUSH!
ZOOM!
...SWERVE SOMEWHAT!
SCIMITAR GTE
ERR!
RRTTT!
VOOM
ZOOM!
WOW, 1978 SCIMITAR GTE. NICE CAR.
RUN THE FUCKER OFF THE ROAD.
SCIMITAR
RRTT CHUNKA
WHAT TH...?
JET GIRL? DEE DEE? WHAT THE FUCK IN HELL ARE YOU DOING?
OH SH...

VRRRM

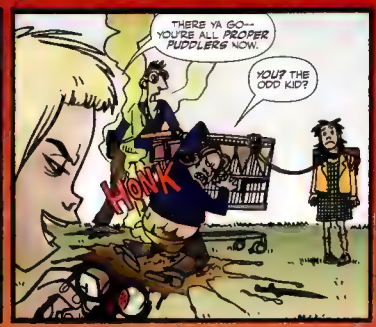

I'M FALLING. TRAPPED IN THIS CAR. AND IT'S A FUCKING LONG WAY DOWN.
SO HOW DO I GET MYSELF *OUT* OF THIS? AND HOW DID I GET MYSELF *INTO* IT IN THE FIRST PLACE?
WIZ!
A MISGUIDED FRIEND. AN IMPULSE TO SHOW OFF...A SLIP...A FALL...
AAAAAAAGHHHH!
FLAPITTY FLAP!
...A CRACKED SKULL AND A WHOLE BUNCH OF BUSTED TEETH...A COMA... AN ENORMOUS HOSPITAL BILL...
...AND THE INEVITABLE *ILLEGAL RACE* WITH A BIG FAT *CASH PRIZE.*
1, 2, 3, 4
BUT THIS ISN'T THE *FIRST* TIME I'VE HAD TO SAVE BARNEY'S NECK...

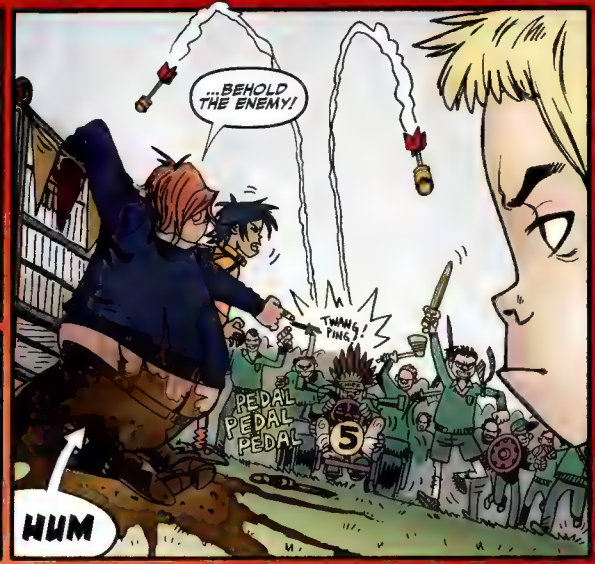

IT WAS BACK IN MY FINAL YEAR AT RHYMNEY HIGH SCHOOL. IN THOSE DAYS, FOR REASONS I HAVE LONG FORGOTTEN, I USED TO CALL MYSELF JULIE. I WAS IN A GANG ALL BY MYSELF AND I USED TO CUT MY OWN HAIR USING A PUDDING BOWL AND A PAIR OF PLASTIC SAFETY SCISSORS.
THE REST OF THE PUPILS IN THE SCHOOL DIVIDED THEMSELVES INTO TWO RIVAL GANGS—YOU WERE EITHER IN THE WORKERS OR THE PUDDLERS, DEPENDING ON WHICH SIDE OF TOWN YOU CAME FROM. THEY LEFT ME WELL ENOUGH ALONE—I WAS THE ODD KID, FRIENDLESS AND UNNOTICED.
EVERY YEAR, ON A DATE ONLY KNOWN TO THE TWO GANG LEADERS, THERE WAS A BIG FIGHT. THAT YEAR, IT HAPPENED TO BE THE VERY SAME DAY THAT BARNEY HAD MOVED TO TOWN AND WAS STARTING AT SCHOOL...
TANK GIRL
SUMMERS
NO CLIMBING
RHYMNEY HIGH SCHOOL
SCHOOL DISCO
SPARKS
PART SIX :
THE BELLES OF RHYMNEY


CHECK IT OUT, SPOODY--A NEWBIE. WHAT DYA RECKON, SHALL WE GIVE HER THE OL' TREE TREATMENT?
HEY, YOU--NEW KID! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
BARNEY.
BARNEY? PRETTY FUCKIN' DUMB NAME IF YOU ASK ME. SO WHAT ARE YOU? WORKIE OR PUDDLER?
I.. ERM..
SHE'S NEITHER. I'VE SEEN WHERE SHE LIVES--RIGHT ON THE CUSP, IN THAT WRECK OF A PLACE BY THE SUPERMARKET.
THEN WE'LL CLAIM HER FOR THE PUDDLERS. TAKE HER TO PLETCHER--SHE CAN BE HIS NEW TROLLEY DOLLY.
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN AGAINST CRUELTY TO DUMB ANIMALS--AND BARNEY SURE LOOKED LIKE TOTAL DIMWIT THAT DAY--SO I COULDN'T JUST STAND BY AND WATCH HER GET MESSED UP BY THOSE CUNTS.
ONCE AGAIN MY GIRL, GUIDE NATURE BADGE COMES IN USEFUL. A FINE SPECIMEN OF OLD MAN'S PUBE, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, GROWING HERE ON OUR VERY OWN SCHOOL PLAYING FIELD...

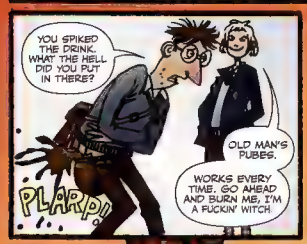
NORBERT FLETCHER--THE MOST IGNORANT, FLATULENT, PIG-HEADED COW-SON YOU COULD EVER HAVE THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING AT SCHOOL WITH.
BRING ME MY STIRRUP CUP! AND BRING CUP FOR ALL OF MY MEN! WE MUST STRENGTHEN BRAVADO AND SUMMON UP PUGNACIOUS SPUNK!
STEADY THE BUFF!
SQUIRT!
POP!
I MADE SURE THAT I WAS IN CHARGE OF REFRESHMENTS THAT DAY...
CUP! FOR FLETCHER AND HIS ARMY! PRONTO!
CERTAINLY, SQUIRE--THIS SHOULD GET THEM GOING.
YE OLDE PUNCH
WAIT A MINUTE, DON'T I KNOW YOUR FACE FROM SOMEWHERE?
SURE YOU DO--YOU GO TO THE SAME SCHOOL AS ME.
NOW RUN ALONG, TURDY-BOY, THEY'LL ALL BE WANTING TO GET ON WITH THEIR LITTLE SCRAP.
HMMM. TANGY.
GULP
CHEER
SQUIRT!
LET'S FINISH THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL!
CHARGE! KILL THE WANKERS!
WIZ!
WEE!
"THIS IS IT--THE END. WHY COULDN'T WE HAVE STAYED LYING IN A CARDBOARD BOX ON THE BEACH?"
POLICE LAD
SUPER SOAKER
THUD
UHHHG... WHAT THE...?
STOP THE TROLLEY! I WANT TO GET OFF!

OHHH DEAR!
ERK
FRRAST!


THERE YA GO--YOU'RE ALL PROPER PUDDLERS NOW.
YOU? THE ODD KID?
HONK


...BEHOLD THE ENEMY!
TWANG! PING!
PEDAL PEDAL PEDAL
5
HUM

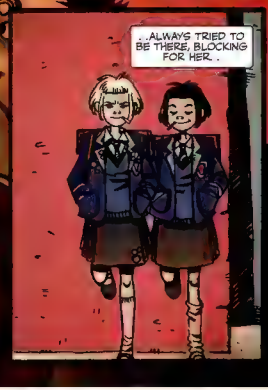
UP UNTIL THAT MOMENT, BARNEY HAD BEEN A BULLIED, BELEAGUERED LITTLE WALLFLOWER...
SNAP!
EEK
5


YOU SPIKED THE DRINK. WHAT THE HELL DID YOU PUT IN THERE?
OLD MAN'S PUBES.
WORKS EVERY TIME. GO AHEAD AND BURN ME, I'M A FUCKIN' WITCH.
PLARP!

TAKE A LOOK BEHIND YOU, YOU SMUG LITTLE COW. HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS...

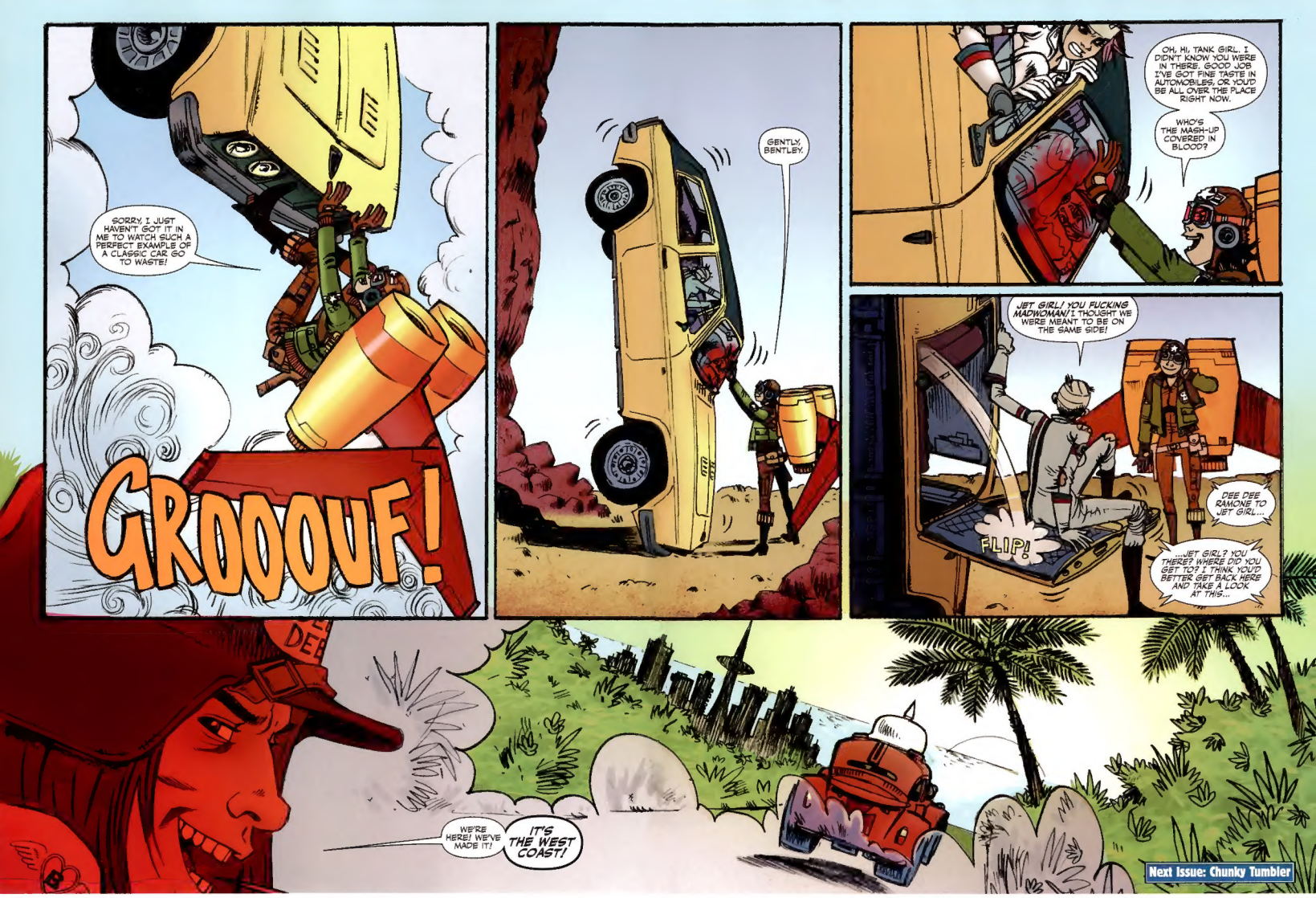
SOB
CLAK!
CHUMP!
A LOT MORE THAN A LOAD OF POO WAS RELEASED THAT DAY--THE BEAST WITHIN BARNEY FOUND ITS WAY OUT, TOO...

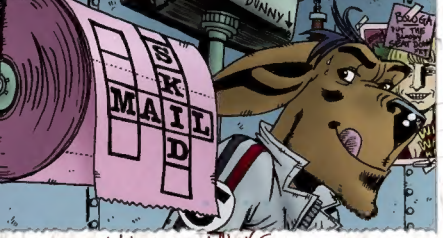
I OWE YOU ONE.
I'VE BEEN WATCHING HER BACK EVER SINCE...


...ALWAYS TRIED TO BE THERE, BLOCKING FOR HER...

...BUT NOT THIS TIME.
FORGIVE ME, BARNEY. I'VE FAILED YOU.

OH GOD


SORRY, I JUST HAVEN'T GOT IT IN ME TO WATCH SUCH A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF A CLASSIC CAR GO TO WASTE!
GROOOUF!
GENTLY, BENTLEY.
OH, HI, TANK GIRL. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE IN THERE. GOOD JOB. I'VE GOT FINE TASTE IN AUTOMOBILES, OR YOU'D BE ALL OVER THE PLACE RIGHT NOW.
WHO'S THE MASH-UP COVERED IN BLOOD?
JET GIRL! YOU FUCKING MADWOMAN! I THOUGHT WE WERE MEANT TO BE ON THE SAME SIDE!
FLIP!
DEE DEE RAMONE TO JET GIRL...
...JET GIRL? YOU THERE? WHERE DID YOU GET TO? I THINK YOU'D BETTER GET BACK HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS...
WE'RE HERE! WE'VE MADE IT!
IT'S THE WEST COAST!
Next Issue: Chunky Tumbler



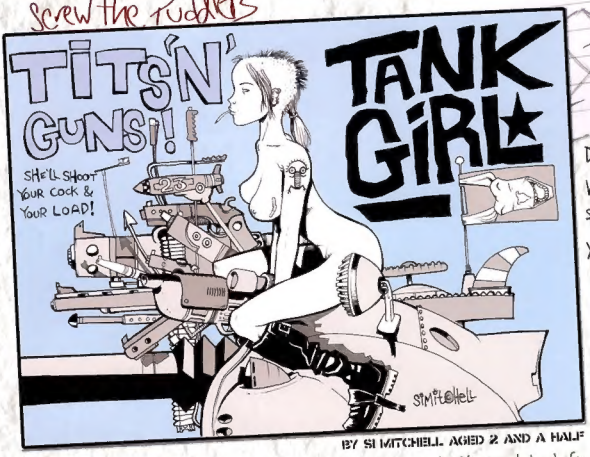
Dear Dr. Tank Girl

Please help – I have a strawberry stuck up my bumhole.

Desperately yours,
Gracie Twoaches

Chinside
Bunside
Gunside
Scottishland

Screw the Puddles



BY SI MITCHELL AGED 2 AND A HALF

Dear Grace,

Would you like me to put some cream on that for you?

Yours, mine, ours, Dr. Tank Girl

Thanks for this particularly pert representation Si. You have lovely nipples. You are obviously far too good to win any prizes, so you can draw your own. Congratulations!

Dear Tank Girl,

Who in your team holds the record for the most salt and vinegar Chipsticks in their mouth in one go? Me and my friend Gizmo Charlie would like to challenge you and eventually we hope to make the sport into an Olympic event.

Mash The Slash
The 24 Hour Garage
Brooklands

A very interesting question – Booga always maintains that it's him with 113. But I actually managed to stuff more than 200 into Barney's gob while she was unconscious after drinking a tin of creosote. Beat that!

This photo was sent to us by SARINA MEESTER from Holland. As you can see, she has been "fucking up" the wall of her apartment. Her landlord has probably evicted her by now, so, if you see her on the street, please be generous to her. Meanwhile Sarina, as winner of this month's piece of signed Tank Girl artwork, you may consider burning it to keep yourself warm.

Please send all your letters and art to readerfeedback@titanemail.com The best picture or letter every month will receive a prize. Please remember that by submitting artwork, you are granting us permission to use and exploit said work in our publications. The judge's decision is final.

GET YOUR KICKS ON THE HIGHWAY TO HELL!

HEADS WILL ROLL! BARNEY'S BACK FROM THE DEAD AND GUNNING FOR BLOOD!

Tank Girl is trademark ™ and copyright © 2009 Jamie Hewlett and Alan Martin

OUT NOW FROM TITAN BOOKS!

THE CREAM OF TANK GIRL

THE ART AND CRAFT OF A COMICS ICON

TAKE A UNIQUE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION DEEP INTO TANK GIRL'S WORLD AND DISCOVER THE WEALTH OF LOST TREASURES IN THE ARCHIVES OF HEWLETT & MARTIN

" [JAMIE HEWLETT'S] DRAWING STYLE IS STREET-SMART, CYNICAL, BRILLIANT, FUNNY."
NEIL GAIMAN *WIRED*

WWW.TITANBOOKS.COM

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS
TANK GIRL: SKIDMARKS #2 DECEMBER 2009
$3.99
0 74470 25360 0 9 2 >